

## blob: fluff

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## blob: fluff

by Anonymous

### Summary

in which everyone own's their own verison of a dream blob, and chaos, happiness, and love ensues.

KYUN'S ART - [mint fanart](#) , [harmonica fanart](#)

ALEXIS'S ART - [a group of blobs!!!](#)

please check their fanart out before you read the fanfiction, they took time out of their day to do THIS KIND THING FOR ME AND I'D APPREICATE IT LIKE 3000X MORE IF YOU WENT AND SUPPORTED THE ARTISTS PLEASE THEY ARE A LITERAL BLESSING TO ME

## Notes

just love and happiness here.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# George & the blob

## Chapter Summary

George looked at the small brown box laying on his front doorstep. He didn't even hear the doorbell ring, nor did he receive any emails of the sort about a package arriving to his house. Not one to trust random packages, he kicked it.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George looked at the small brown box laying on his front doorstep. He didn't even hear the doorbell ring, nor did he receive any emails of the sort about a package arriving to his house. Not one to trust random packages, he kicked it.

When it didn't explode in front of him, he took the package inside and rested it on the kitchen counter. There weren't any stamps or return labels on it, not even a company label anywhere. The clear tape was the only thing standing out on the box.

George poked it, for good measure. When it still didn't show any signs of harm, he shuffled through his kitchen drawer for a box cutter and cut a clean line down the tape. Eagerly opening the flaps, there was an assortment of different colored packing peanuts filling it to the brim.

George flipped the box over, letting it all spill onto the counter and roll onto the floor. A round sphere stood out, and curiously reached out for the object, grabbing it by it's head.

The corners of his mouth turned upward when he saw what it was.

"Are you - are you blob Dream?" George looked down at the plush in his hands. Soft to the touch, about 8 inches in length and 5 inches in width at the bottom. It had a cylinder shaped base to keep itself upright, and a happy smile on its face.

Just like Dream's blob.

His thumb runs over it's smile, looking at it happily. It gives him a sense of warmth and love, as though it'll protect him from the cruel and vile things that exist in this world.

"You're so cute." George states, before pressing a kiss to it's lips.

He brings it up to his room, resting it besides the computer screen for now. George makes a mental reminder to show Dream and Sapnap what he got in the mail later.

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Meanwhile in Florida, Dream is slightly confused at the quick, soft pair of lips that ghosted upon his own.

## Chapter End Notes

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requests are open - kudos and comments are really appreciated!!!

twitter (please talk to me I am lonely) - [@homiesexualmcyt](#)

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# Niki & The 8 Foot Blob

## Chapter Summary

When she finishes, she turns around to find someplace to rest the scissors when the box shifts just a few inches.

Nevermind - she's going to have to use it as a weapon to fight whatever is inside of that box.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Niki looked at the large brown box standing tall in front of her doorway in confusion.

If anything, she doesn't remember buying a couch or mattress or anything besides a new pair of airpods within the last week. She pushes the box to the side, falling to the floor with a loud thud. Niki uses whatever strength she has inside of her to push the box inside, pushing it to the center of her living room. The only thing that stands out on the box is the clear tape that's keeping the flaps shut.

She looks around for a pair of scissors, humming happily to herself as she cautiously cuts the tape open. When she finishes, she turns around to find someplace to rest the scissors when the box shifts just a few inches.

Nevermind - she's going to have to use it as a weapon to fight whatever is inside of that box.

Using the tiptoes of her feet, Niki opens the flaps of the box. She gasps in shock when she sees that it's Dream's creation, a tiny blob, just a larger, 8 foot version of it resting inside the box.

The blob shifts its head side to side, almost as if it's awakening, realising that it's a living thing and existing. It makes itself upright, looking around Niki's living room in confusion. It spots her looking at it in shock, and it stares at her right back.

When Niki blinks, it's smile has apparently turned longer, almost touching it's two black dotted eyes. The blob turns back to look at it's circular bottom. One side of the sphere suddenly turns into a corner, wiggling itself around. A second side of the sphere turns into the corner, and tries to move itself out of the large rectangular box without any avail.

Niki blinks again, and there's a frown on the blob's face as it still attempts to get itself out of the box.

"Aw, you poor thing." Niki states. "Hold on, let me help you!"

She tears the box open, packing peanuts spilling onto the floor all around the blob. She goes behind him, curious black eyes watching her move. Using her back to push him upright, she struggles for a few moments - until the upper body of the blob leans forward and stands up.

It's about 8 feet tall, it's head only inches away from touching the ceiling. It looks down at Niki happily, leaning down and nudging its head against hers. Almost as a thank you for letting it stand up.

"You're so cute!" Niki wraps her arms around the squishy blob, cooing when it attempts to rest its large blob head upon her own tiny one. "I'm going to name you Mint, okay?"

Mint's face suddenly has two blushing green ovals appear on its face, clearly liking its nickname.

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Sapnap looked at Dream, who had his foot propped up on the desk and wrapping his knees around with ace bandages.

"No, my knees just hurt a lot." Dream tells Sapnap.

"What? Why?" He questions, and Dream shrugs.

"I honestly have no clue. I was walking back to my room and out of nowhere I just collapsed to the floor. But there wasn't anything on it, and it's not like I could trip over my own feet." He replies.

“Maybe it’s stress?”

“Maybe.”

## Chapter End Notes

im taking requests for this series!!! but im going to have a lot more ficlets to do thanks to cobblestonesquid who literally has an amazing mind!!!

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requests are open - kudos and comments are really appreciated!!!

twitter (please talk to me I am lonely) - [@homiesexualmcyt](#)

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# Sapnap & the missing blob

## Chapter Summary

Prompt/Request: Also, I would absolutely die if Sapnap got a really small one, which promptly escapes him and hides. He spends the whole day tearing apart the house looking for it, but once he goes to bed it crawls under his door and wakes him up by tickling his ear or jumping on his face XD

## Chapter Notes

do you all want a corpse blob here shall we add corpse to the list of blobs we own

also who wants to make a blob cult gc with me on twitter in so serious i love those squishy marshmallows so much

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Fireball?” Sapnap’s hand absentmindedly touched the other side of his bed to look for his blob. When he didn’t feel anything soft or squishy, he sighed and opened his eyes and didn’t see them resting beside him. “Fireball?”

He sits upright, looking around the room. There’s no sign of destruction from the little guy, which was odd to say the very least, since Fireball took pleasure in making Sapnap clean up after his messes. Then again, Sapnap was a messy person himself, so half of the time he wouldn’t clean it up until later in the week.

With a sigh, he throws the warm sheets off of him, his body getting goosebumps from being exposed to the cold chill of the room. Shuffles into his slippers, before heading downstairs and opening the ‘sweets’ cabinet. His blob had taken a particular liking to both attempting to take over the world and sugar, and Sapnap could normally tame him through the other method.

Maybe he was in the bathtub?

Running back upstairs, he cautiously twisted the door handle, just in case Fireball attempted to splash water onto him from the toilet. But there was no sign that any water had been running, or that he even came in here at all. All his bath toys still sat on the bathroom sink, untouched.



Turning on the tub, he grabbed his toothbrush and began to brush his teeth, grabbing his phone from the bedroom. He scrolled through twitter on his alternate account, liking every piece labeled #sapnapfanart that he came across.

Finished brushing his teeth, turned off the tub, dumped all the bathtub toys into the water. "Fireball? Bath time, buddy!"

Still no answer. Sapnap picks up the squeaky duck, making it quack a few times. When he still gets radio silence, a bit of fear wedges it way into his heart. Draining the bathtub, he grabs the toys before they could be flushed down the drain and drops them onto the toilet seat. He frantically begins to open up cabinets, checks underneath his bed, in all of his favorite tiny hiding spots.

The blob wasn't in any. Sapnap grew more worried and anxious, running around the house and slamming doors open. He grabbed the stove door with so much force that it broke on him, clattering onto the floor with a loud thud. Tipped the couch over, pulling apart his pillows, shuffling through his fridge and breaking a glass or two - and still *nothing* .

Did Fireball go back to the mall?

Sapnap took Fireball to one of the bigger malls in Texas, and the little blob refused to leave the candy store for about an hour, finally giving in when his owner finally agreed to buy a single piece of candy from the containers they were stored in.

There was no possible way, he specifically remembers Fireball resting in the crook of his neck as he was livestreaming last night.

But Fireball wasn't inside the sweets cabinet, or hidden inside one of his shoes or inside the kitchen sink drain again - hell, nothing seemed to prove that Fireball was there.

His phone went off, and he glared at it angrily for a moment. *Not* a good time for George to be calling him right now.

He swiped right to answer the call. "What?"

“What? Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed?” George shoots back.

In a monotone voice Sarnap replies: “Yes. Literally. I’m about to head out to the mall.”

“The mall? Didn’t you go there yesterday?” The older male questions.

“Yes - but it’s just -” Sarnap racked his brain for a valid excuse. “I lost something really *really* valuable to me and if I don’t get it back I might break down.”

“Oh god, I’m sorry Panda. I hope you find it soon.”

“Yeah, me too.”

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The mall was a lost cause.

It’s not like he was going back there anyway, he was banned from ever returning there after he screamed down a cashier in aggravation. Fear had fully settled into his system by now, horrible scenarios of what may have happened to Fireball on repeat running in his head. He pulls off his shoes and yeets them out of anger, before heading to his room and pushing his bed back onto the bed frame. Sarnap collapses onto it dramatically, letting out a long, deep sigh.

And then something bumps against his head.

“Fireball?” Sarnap looked at them in shock, the round head bumping against his in happiness. His arms wrap around the tiny blob tightly, tears spilling out of his eyes. “Where did you go, buddy?”

It doesn’t answer, just looks at him with its big smile. Sarnap sighs softly, pressing a kiss to its forehead as presses his palm against its eyes to stop more tears from spilling out. “Don’t do that again, you really scared me Fireball.”

Fireball leans forward, squishing it's head against's Sapnap's cheek, attempting to give Sap a kiss as well to cheer him up.

"Yeah, yeah." The ravenette presses more kisses onto Fireball. "Love you too."

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Dream sighed softly as he snuggled deeper into his bedsheets, eyes fluttering closed.

"You okay, Dream?" Corpse asks, from the other side of the discord call.

"Yeah, I am. I just feel like... I don't know. Like I'm being smothered with loving kisses and hugs, a lot." Dream replies. "It's like I've been getting huge amounts of serotonin from who knows where."

"Same." Corpse replies. "I enjoy it a lot, but I need my down mood too, y'know? Keeps me calm and gives me inspiration."

Dream yawns. "I get it. But I'll just enjoy it for now."

## Chapter End Notes

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twitter (please talk to me I am lonely) - [@homiesexualmcyt](#)

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# Wilbur & the intruder

## Chapter Summary

IN MY OPINION vote blue. im serious.

blobs man talk to me on twitter ig - should i make a discord server even though i have 15 to manage wHOOPS

aLSO ME: \*waiting patiently for cobblestone and hoops to comment\*

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur scrolled through his twitter log, thinking of an idea to do for his upcoming video.

His head had nothing but past ideas or overused ideas that every youtuber has used once in their life. And he didn't feel like resulting in one of those options.

Wilbur tried to jot down potential lyrics, but they all seemed bland or meaningless. Talks to Tommy and Tubbo on vc for a bit, just listening to the both of them ramble on about future plans. He can't help the grin on his face when he hears him speak excitedly about owning a house with his best friend and Wilbur, claiming that it would be even cooler than the Clouthouse and Hype house.

And then there's a ring on his doorbell, multiple times.

"Hold on -" Wilbur tells them. "I'll join back vc in 5 minutes, someone's at my door."

"Don't die." Tommy says.

"I won't, yet." The oldest british says, muting himself on mute and turning off the camera. Rushing downstairs, the repeated door bell ringing won't cease, and he sighs in irritation. It better not have been his manager, he tended to get on his nerves most of the time. "I'm coming!"

He took a quick glance in the mirror besides his door, and adjusted his hair until it looked the way he wanted it too. Wilbur opens the door with a charming smile that quickly shifts to confusions when -

There's no one at the door.

Just a package on the floor, as tall as his legs.

He peeks out the door, and finds no one there. No crazy fans, no manager, no one even active on the street. It is eleven in the night, after all.

Wilbur kicks the box for good measure, just in case Tommy or George was stuck inside and decided to jump scare him. But that was more than unlikely, because one was just on voice chat with him while the other was livestreaming at the moment.

Picking up the box, he brings it inside and kicks the door closed. Scans the package for any sort of shipping address, but the box is blank, with nothing but clear packing tape being it's outstanding feature. Wilbur decides to leave it by the door, just in case the package isn't actually his but his neighbors or perhaps delivered to the wrong address.

Heading back upstairs, he flops back onto his bed and snatches his phone, looking at Tommy showing off a Schlatt youtooz he successfully bought. He turns his camera back on, sliding in his headphones.

Unmuting himself, he makes a loud scream that has both boys jumping out of their seats.

"Wilbur, what the fuck!" Tommy screams.

Wilbur can only laugh in response. "Did I scare you?"

"Yes! You nearly gave me a goddamn heart attack!" Tubbo shoots back, making Wilbur laugh even harder. "Where did you go anyway?"

“I got a random package. ‘Cept I didn’t order anything from amazon these last few weeks.” He tells them.

“What was inside of it?” The blonde questions.

He shrugs, carding his hands through his hair absentmindedly. “I’m not sure. The package didn’t have any return label. Or stamps. Or company logo.”

“Maybe it’s a surprise sponsor?” Tubbo tries, and Wilbur is just about to disagree with him when a crash comes from downstairs.

“What the fuck was that?” He says aloud, and both boys look at Wilbur’s camera in visible confusion.

“What?” One of them asked.

“Something just fell in my living room, I think.” Wilbur replies. “Is someone breaking in?”

“Oh fuck, call the cops then.” Tommy tells him. “Don’t go downstairs.”

“I’m going downstairs.” Wilbur shoots back.

“I - WILBUR SOOT I SWEAR TO GOD-” There’s panic in Tommy’s voice. “DON’T YOU DARE LEAVE YOUR ROOM OR I WILL BREAK INTO YOUR HOUSE MYSELF.”

“I’ll be fine, Tommy! If I don’t call you back in the next 30 minutes, call the police.” Wilbur hangs up afterwards, looking through his room for something to use as a weapon. One of his old mic stands rests sideways on the floor, and he grabs it tightly in his hands.

Then there’s a soft patter of feet coming up the stairs, and he quickly shuts off the bedroom lights, fear settling into his bones. He can hear it walk right past his bedroom door, and the struggle of

opening one of his spare bedrooms.

And the soft melody of a harmonica begins to play.

“What...” Slowly, cautiously, carefully turning the doorknob open and peeking into the hallway. The room where he keeps most of his musician equipment resting has it’s door wide open, the light spilling into the dark hallway. He carefully steps out, evening out his breathing, afraid that the sound of his rapid heartbeat will alert the intruder.

He pauses right outside the door, fingers gripping the stand tighter. The harmonica begins to play a softer tune, noting a few notes giving him a mix of old nostalgia from the 2000’s. Maybe the intruder was taunting him?

Wilbur clears his mind, making himself serious. Begins a countdown in his head.

*Three...*

*Two...*

*One...*

He kicks the door open with his foot, and sees a small person wearing a beanie sitting on the floor. Wilbur let’s out a war cry, immediately bashing the pole into its head. The harmonica stops playing and it turns to looks at him -

*What the fuck?*

“Dream?” Wilbur questions. The blob looks at him with visible confusion, tilting its head to the side. So not Dream, then? But it definitely looked like Dream’s brand - the small, loveable blob that was printed out on his merch and his main profile picture on twitter.

It’s not only got a beanie, but a yellow sweater on it’s cylinder shaped body - similar to his own

minecraft character. He blinks, and there's a frown on the blob's face, looking at where it dropped it's harmonica.

The blob kicks the harmonica away from him out of frustration, frown deepening on its face.

"Um... I'm sorry." Wilbur tries. The blob doesn't bother to look up at him, still staring down at the harmonica. "I didn't mean to hit you...Dream?"

The blob turns to look at him with his sad frown, piecing an arrow through Wilbur's heart. He stoops down, picking up the Harmonica. "Alright... if you're not Dream - who are you? And how are you alive?"

It lets out a sad squeak, crushing Wilbur's heart even more.

"Do you want the harmonica?" He holds it towards him, and when Wilbur blinks there's a wide smile on the blob's face, lighting up with joy as it leans towards his hand and takes it back into his mouth. He pats the top of the blob, where it looks up at him in joy.

It begins to play a soft tune, making Wilbur smile with delight. He stans up before he gets pain in his knees, he is growing older after all. "I guess I'll call you Harmonica, little blob."

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"You alright there, Dream?" Fundy questions, looking at his friend in concern. "I can just finish up the coding myself, it's really no big deal."

"Yeah, I'll be fine." He adjusts the ice pack on the side of his head. "I just - I don't know - I got a massive flash of pain in my head earlier this morning."

"Shit. Did you take tylenol?"

"I did, don't worry Fundy. I got a nice melody playing in my head right now, though, so I think I'll be okay."



## Chapter End Notes

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requests are open - kudos and comments are really appreciated!!!

twitter (i've removed cc because i still dont know how to use the damn site) -

[@homiesexualmcyt](#)

IN MY OPINION VOTE BLUE

# Niki & crying

## Chapter Summary

niki is sad

ALSO HINTING AT NEW BLOBS!!!!

## Chapter Notes

i just wanted something to post so i dont disappoint people

if anyone ever slides into my twitter dms and tells me im wasting my talent i will go off on you, then block you. you comment that here, i will not hesitate to go off on you either. i dont care who you think you are, you have no fucking right to tell me what i can and cannot do with my talents.

and now i wait for AlexiasRei, Closeted\_Bookworm, Satantic-Senpai, Introverted, Kyun, Hoops, and Cobble to comment. I love y'all, truly, i do.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mint looked at Niki, who had tears in her eyes.

She had a dispute with one of her old friends from twitch, where she wasn't getting as many viewers as Niki was getting recently. Mint could feel her pain, and she didn't want her to feel hurt anymore. Carefully slotting herself through Niki's tiny door, she picked up Niki by the back of her shirt and carried her out of her streaming room.

"Mint?" She looked up at her blob in confusion. "What are you doing, sweetheart?"

Mint made a small squeak, dropping Niki once they arrived in front of her bedroom door. They squished themselves through, before poking their head through the door and picking Niki up once more.

They stood in the spot where the bed used to be, before Mint broke it repeatedly because they wanted to sleep with Niki. Mint was much bigger than her twin sized bed, and much more soft and comfortable to sleep upon. There were only a bunch of blankets and pillows that formed as a nest now.

Mint didn't mind, she liked having her human sleep on top of her. No one could harm or get to her that way. Slowly, Mint fell onto her back, squiggling down a bit so their head could rest comfortably on the pillows.

Niki gave Mint a watery smile, pressing a kiss to it's cheek. "Thank you, Mint."

Mint gave a happily squeak in reply.

Niki cried to herself for a bit, before Tubbo requested to voice chat with her. The two of them spoke for a bit, managing to cheer Niki up with his clumsiness and sending a recording of Sykkuno and their blob, Blossom, getting stuck on a cactus. Mint and Tubbo's blob, Honey, wanted to talk to each other and she allowed them to do so, the two blobs squeaking to each other happily.

Eventually Wilbur joined the call, anger burning brightly inside of him at the thought of someone daring to make Niki cry. Harmonica was squeaking angrily alongside him, Niki catching a slight blush on Mint's face when Wilbur's blob spoke.

Niki fell asleep on call, and Mint carefully reached on the side of their nest, where the dresser was, grabbing a blanket that rested upon there. They made sure the blanket covered Niki's body completely, making tiny squeaks to talk to the other blobs, who's owners had also fallen asleep on call, making sure not to wake any of them up.

## Chapter End Notes

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twitter (ill make a discord tomorrow i guESS) - [@homiesexualmcyt](#)

(squid fic update tomorrow

## Niki & her blob (Mint) being scary

### Chapter Summary

NO SUMMARY FOR YOU BECAUSE ALL YOU EVER NEED TO DO IS CHECK OUT FANART BY [@minimumminmin](#) AKA KYUN HERE

### Chapter Notes

anyways im horribly depressed at the moment, there was some drama on twitter i was involved in and i wont go into details but yeah, just really tired me out. wrote something 'cause of it.

as per usual, wating for these lovely humans: AlexiasRei, Closeted\_Bookworm, Satantic-Senpai, Introverted, Kyun you are a blessing thank you - Hoops, cobble (i stiLL LOVE AND APPREICATE YOU FOR READING IT) to comment, it literally makes my day.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Mint was happily watching a movie with Niki when her doorbell rang.

It was around seven pm, and she had ordered quite a few pizza boxes for the two of them to eat, since Niki accidentally burnt her home-made pizza. She pushed the blanket off of her and shuffled into her slippers, giving a quick kiss to Mint's cheek.

Niki blinked, and there were suddenly two green blushing dots on Mint's face with a bigger thin-mouthed smile. "I'll be right back, why don't you head into the kitchen to grab us a drink? Your choice."

Mint nodded, and Niki headed off to answer the door. The blob wandered into the kitchen, the bottom of its sphere shaped body suddenly turning into a sharp corner to open up the fridge.

They knew how much Niki loved strawberry lemonade, so they carefully bent down and used their mouth to pick up the bottle. Gently placing it onto the counter, they heard the nervous chuckle of Niki's voice, and felt an uncomfortable feeling surge through them.

Carefully making light footsteps into the living room, they got close enough to hear the conversation.

"So...what are you doing tonight?" A male voice, probably in his mid-twenties, asked the streamer.

"Oh - um - I was just going to play some video games!" Niki replied. "I should probably get back to them before I lose."

"Really? Which consoles do you own?"

"Oh, a few xboxes and playstations and a switch." She says.

The guy chuckles. "For real? Is it okay if we exchange friend codes?"

"I don't even know you." Niki tells him straightforwardly. "I prefer not to."

"What? Why not?" His tone becomes a bit more aggressive, and Mint could feel a hint of fear.

“I just said I don’t know you!”

Mint walks into the hallway, feet making soft steps on the floor. It stops right behind Niki, who's oblivious to the fact that her blob snuck up on her. The guy is clearly blathering about why he's worthy of earning a friend code, suddenly shutting up when it sees scary, beady eyes looking down at him with an eerie grin. Like something you would see from a cartoon.

Niki raises an eyebrow when the guy stops, turning around to meet Mint with her adorable smile. “Mint! What’s wrong? Was I gone for too long? Did Schlatt start the discord movie marathon without me?”

Her blob only makes a squeak, and she giggles. “I’m going to take that as a yes.”

“Listen, I really don’t want to give you my code-” Her attention was focused back on the pizza man, but he was too busy looking at the horrifying face Mint was making when her back was turned.

“Look, dude, its fine.” He says hurriedly, walking down her steps. “I don’t need it anyways.”

Niki turns to meet a soft smile looking down at her, shutting the door. “What’s his problem anyways?”

Mint makes a squeak. They pick her up from her collar, bringing her back to the room where she streams and plopping her onto the ground, before waddling out to get her food.

As long as her human is safe and and out of harm’s way, so are they.

## Chapter End Notes

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does anyone want to help run a discord (for my fics n' stuff) with me

also schlatt's blob is named obama heads up



# Corspe and his missing blob

## Chapter Summary

KYUN'S ART - [mint fanart](#) , [harmonica fanart](#)

and if you dont follow them, why? why? why?

## Chapter Notes

this is short but i literally have like, 5 other blob snippets chapters to finish + the main storyline 1st chapter to write, cause remember, these are all snippets for the actual fanfiction!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Corpse woke up with pain in his stomach, sighing deeply when it went to his head. His hand

absentmindedly reached out to the dresser, grabbing his container of tylenol and popping a pill into his mouth. He grabbed the water bottle resting besides it, letting out a groan in frustration.

Crumpling the plastic in his hands and throwing it across the room, he realises that his own blob, Inle, isn't resting besides him. It wasn't weird, so to speak, seeing that his own blob had gained his similar personality traits which included his insomnia - so it would sometimes watch youtube or twitch streams instead.

"Inle?" Corpse rasps. "Can you get me a water bottle?"

No answer. "Inle? You awake?"

A minute passes by. Then two.

His blob must've fallen asleep in his streaming room, then. He attends to his usual morning activities before heading into the kitchen to make himself some coffee. He opens up twitter, liking his fan art through his tag before grabbing his coffee and heading to the room where he streams.

Walking inside, Inle isn't inside of his hammock hung right beside his streaming setup, nor is he watching any streams upon his chair. He looks around the other rooms in search of his blob, but eventually, comes up with none in sight. Corpse takes a deep breath, on the brink of a panic attack, fiddling with the black nail polish on his fingers. Counts backwards from 10, then 20.

His phone goes off, and he jumps at the sound of it. His camera is smashed from the front facing side of it, just in case he ever accidentally flips the screen during an instagram livestream.

"Hello?"

"Hi Corpse!" Sykkuno's calm voice speaks through the call. "Did you remember to eat breakfast this morning?"

"No I fucking didn't, Inle is missing!" He angrily shoots back. "He's not anywhere in this fucking house!"

Sykkuno hums. “Inle ? Oh, they’re at my house right now! Not sure how he got here, but they’re cuddling with my blob at the moment.”

“Inle is cuddling with Blossom?” Corpse says.

“Yeah! Well, Blossom is brushing the fur on Inle’s ear right now.” Sykkuno tells his boyfriend. “Why, what’s wrong? Are you alright?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m okay.” Corpse sighs deeply. “Sorry for yelling at you like that. I was just-”

“I know, you were scared and worried for Inle. It’s completely understandable!” He replies, laughing a bit. “Would you like to come over? The only one awake at the moment is Poki, the others are out shopping.”

“Can uh - can you come over to my house instead?” Corpse bites his lower lip. “I don’t think today is a ‘go outside’ kind of day.”

“Of course. I’ll be there soon.” Sykkuno tells the blobs something in the background, and then there’s happy squeaking heard.

“I’ll see you too, sweet rose.” The younger man says, before hanging up. He fixes his hair to the best of his abilities, making sure he looks okay before his boyfriend comes over. Around a half n’ hour later, his door opens and Inle hops inside. Corpse leaps from his couch where he was occupied watching PewDiePie and grabs his blob tightly, looking at them worriedly.

“Inle? Don’t you dare do that to me again.” He states, and Inle gives a dark squeak, an apology of sorts.

“I still don’t understand how Inle managed to travel that far without getting caught by a human or something.” Sykkuno walks in after with a brown paper bag, watching Blossom nuzzle with Inle. “Maybe they did see him, and didn’t bother to question it?”

“Probably.” Corpse takes Sykkuno’s hand into his own, kissing his knuckles. “What’s in the bag?”

“Your breakfast!” He chirps, opening it up and handing over a croissant. “I had two this morning, so I saved the other one for you. Since you didn’t have breakfast and all.”

Corpse hands him an appreciative smile, taking a small bite. “I - woah. This is good.”

“Really? I know I’m not that much of a cook, but Toast taught me how to make these, and I’ve been attempting to perfect the recipe ever since!” He states.

And then there’s a flurry of squeaks coming from their blobs, two tiny ones standing in between them. The first one is a soft lavender blob, with bunny ears flopping onto its face, looking up at it’s parents in awe. The other blob is content to sit on the floor, a dead rose on the right side of it’s sphere head.

“I -”

“What-”

“How-”

The two youtubers can’t seem to wrap their head around the two new blobs that just appeared from thin air, and neither can their own blob counterparts. The bunny blob lets out a chirp of excitement, jumping up and down at their parents.

“I think our blobs just had kids.” Sykkuno says, getting on his knees to get a closer look. “I can - I can feel it, in a sense? Like how we all have some sense of a personal connection to our blobs? I can feel the bunny’s excitement.”

The pink bunny notices Sykkuno’s presence, quickly waddling over to Sykkuno and jumping on his lap, squeaking happily at him. The older man laughs. “I don’t understand what you’re saying, little one.”

“What are we going to name them?” The taller man asks, watching Inle pick up the blob with the dead rose on its head. It places it on Blossom’s head, where it proceeds to try and eat the sprout on its head.

Corpse thinks for a moment, scratching the chin of the dead rose blob. “I think I’ll name this one Wilted. Because of the whole dead flower concept. That’s pretty cool.”

“I think I’ll name you Mochi, then.” Sykkunno tells the blob, pressing a kiss onto its head.

## Chapter End Notes

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# tubbo and the bee blob

## Chapter Summary

FANART BY [@AlexiasRei](#) ON TWITTER PLEASE GO LIKE IT

the credits for this chapter literally go to cobblestone squid. they've done nothing but treat me with kindness and hope and happiness and talked about all sorts of ideas with me <3 so thank you for that cobble, it truly means a lot of me even when im sporadically on discord and twitter often jghrtueikdfs

## Chapter Notes

so much stuff has happened in the past month its not even funny um long story short i got kicked out of a community 'cause if you check my ao3 history i used to write+read incest as a coping mechanism and they didnt like that so the problematic side of the community took me in HGRITUORWSDK but i also lost all my friends from there so uh, i have not been doing well?????

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



“Toby? Sweetheart? Are you awake?”

Tubbo made a hum in agreement, still half asleep. He peeked an eye towards his alarm clock, reading 7:15 in bright red lettering. His mother knocked on the door once more, attempting to open it up. “Toby? Can you open the door?”

That sprung Tubbo awake. "Hold on Mom!"

"Honey?" He whispers out, looking for his blob. "Honey? Where are you?"

"Toby? Are you talking to someone in there?" She questions.

"Yes! Well - no, I'm talking to myself! I'm just looking for...my shirt! Yeah, I can't find any of my shirts!" Tubbo responds. "Honey! Where are you?"

A stripped blob plops itself onto his head, and Tubbo sighs in relief. He carefully takes the blob off his head, not wanting to grab it's fragile wings. It squeaks at him, and Tubbo shushes him. Grabbing his bookbag, he empties out it's contents and places Honey at the bottom very gently. "Just, stay here for a moment, okay?"

Honey replies with a squeak.

Tubbo opens the door wide, and his mother raises an eyebrow at his appearances. "It seems like you still couldn't find any shirts."

"I - huh?" He raises an eyebrow, before looking down at his appearance. His eyes widen when he's still in pajama pants, and quickly slams the door shut to find something more appropriate. Tubbo's mother laughs at her son's silliness, as he shuffles through his drawer for a decent looking shirt. He manages to find his large green shirt that he was going to use for his own cosplay for his own character and throws it on with a black pair of pants. Tubbo opens back up his bedroom door with a sheepish smile. "Hi mom!"

"HI sweetheart. Did you clean out your room?" She questions.

"Yeah!" He replies. "You never told me why I needed to, though."

"We're having an exterminator coming over today."

“An exterminator?” He tilts his head. “Why?”

“We may have found an opening in the back of the kitchen cupboard that the ant’s we’re coming through. So before the infestation becomes worse, we’ve decided to stop it before it starts.” His mom replies. “They’ll be here in a bit, alright? But I was wondering if you wanted to head to the grocery for me for supplies for cookies?”

“Sure!” He grabs his bookbag as his mom hands him two twenties. “Love you mom!”

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Getting the items from the grocery was a breeze, carrying around Honey in his arms as if they were a teddy bear. Tubbo makes sure to tuck Honey back into his bookbag before he reaches back home, placing the grocery bags on the countertop and resting his own book bag besides it.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes, okay Honey?” He whispers, unzipping the bookbag. Honey gives a squeak in reply.

He goes off to tell his mom and sister he’s home, whose both currently preoccupied with planting in the yard. Smudges dirt onto his sister’s face, just for fun. Tubbo’s mom tells him that the exterminators are already inside of the house and are currently preoccupied with spraying pesticides, and to be careful not to inhale any of it.

Heading back inside, one of the exterminators notices his presence but doesn’t say a word, simply doing his job. Tubbo grabs his book bag from the kitchen, noticing that Honey isn’t inside of his bag.

Weird.

Did he perhaps place him inside of the grocery bags?

He shuffles through them but finds nothing. “Honey? Honey, where are you?”



The extermination man gives Tubbo a weird look, but doesn't say anything. Tubbo runs up the stairs, going into his room and searching any possible hiding places. Underneath the bed, behind his computer system, in one of his shoe boxes - nothing. He continues to call out his blob's name as he searches other locations, when he notices that Lani's door is wide open.

He enters her room, looking around, a wide grin on his face when he sees Honey hiding inside of a pile of plushies in the corner of his room.

"There you are!" Tubbo happily grabs him, pressing a kiss between Honey's antennae. Honey doesn't give much of a response, just a sad, deflated squeak. "What's wrong?"

Another deflated squeak. "I... don't understand."

Tubbo ponders for a moment, wondering how he could cheer his blob up. "Why don't we go to the forest in your world, Honey?"

Honey antennae perk up at that idea, a small smile appearing when the boy blinks. A portal with a sharp yellow frame appears from where Lani's bedroom door is supposed to be, and Tubbo walks through without a second thought.

The moment they step through, it shuts behind the pair immediately, leaving them in an open forest. Tubbo walks around, trying to find any similar landmarks, before stumbling upon a messy area of the forest covered in dry paint.

"Looks like we ended up in Schlatt's backyard, huh?" Tubbo states. "Hopefully he doesn't mind us passing through."

Continuing their walk, they stumble onto the main wooden pathway, going towards the direction of his house. His grin grows wide as he sees his best friend in his own house going through a wooden chest.

Tommy spots him when he shuts his chest, a matching grin appearing on his face. "Big man!"

"Hi Tommy." Honey wiggles out of his arms to go nuzzle with Mellohi. "What are you doing?"

“I’m gathering supplies to help build a large fish tank for Niki.” Tommy pulls out a glass pane from an inventory that spawns in his hand. “Wanna help?”

He looks at his blob, who’s currently happy cuddling with Mellohi. “Sure! I only came because Honey suddenly became sad, but looks like he’s doing better now.”

Tommy looks at their blobs. “Yeah, they are too cuddly for my taste.”

“Oh? I thought you couldn’t go to sleep without being able to hug Mellohi?” Tubbo teases, laughing when Tommy punches him in the arm.

## Chapter End Notes

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## End Notes

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